F868
.28P2

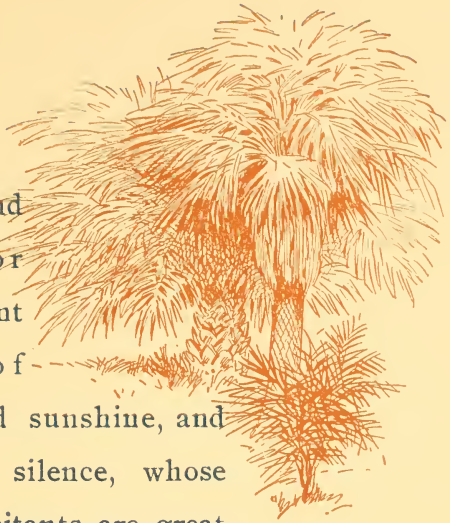
IN EXCHANGE
W. Clark

AWAY back in the Sierra Madres, almost lost in the great shadowy chasms, are two little threads of steel. Their width is something like two inches and they are always just so far apart as they go writhing snake-like along the craggy mountain side. Very pretty they seem as they lie close to the rock-ribbed

surface, now lost in the depths of a gorge, now shooting into space, yet mounting higher and higher until lost in the distant haze.

Those two little ribbons of steel, constitute the Mt. Lowe Railway, known throughout the world as the most wonderful engineering feat ever accomplished.

They link together a tropical and a northern



zone, a land famous for its luxuriant wealth of flowers and sunshine, and a land of silence, whose only inhabitants are great lone pines and clouds and snow. In an hundred and eighty-five minutes they carry you from the valley, close by the sea, to a gaunt rugged mountain peak, where the whole

country lies like a gorgeously colored panorama at your feet—a country beloved of the gods, the home of the Spaniard, of romance and of flowers.

The start is made at Los Angeles, the road passing through the San Gabriel Valley via the Ostrich Farm and Pasadena—that Mecca for Eastern wealth and culture. Pass-

ing Altadena thence through the poppy field we reach Rubio Canyon, a picturesque gorge of great depth. From there the Cable Incline draws you up to Echo Mountain on a grade of forty per cent, where you ascend thirteen hundred feet in a distance of three thousand feet. On Echo Mountain is situated the

Chalet, also the noted Mt. Lowe Observatory which contains one of the largest and most powerful telescopes in the world and bears the enviable astronomical record of discovering seven comets and one thousand nebulæ; the World's Fair Searchlight, and the Casino, a building on the Swiss style of architecture which boasts the finest dancing floor in Southern California.

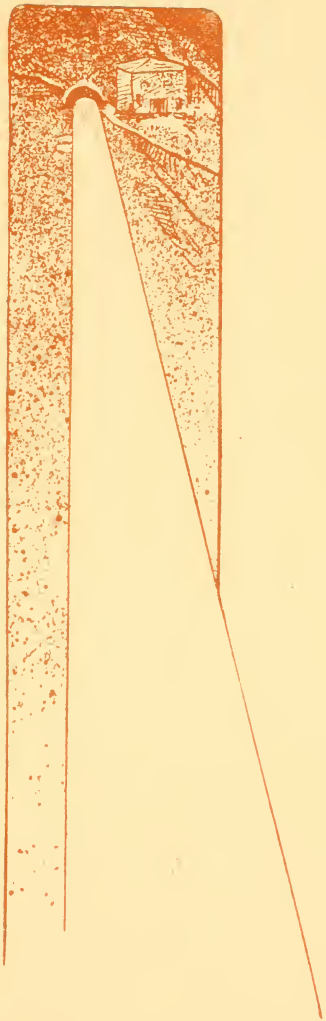
From Echo Mountain to Alpine Tavern the journey is continued in an observation car, as the road from here on is the grandest part of the trip. At times the car fairly hangs in mid-air, and miles and miles below, you can see

tinued on foot, or if desired, burros, may be secured. At the summit a scene of unparalleled grandeur is brought into view. To the right and left the mountains spread away in ceaseless rotation, growing dimmer and dimmer, until they melt into one long gray line. In front nestling at your feet, lies the San Gabriel Valley, quiet and peaceful. Perhaps you can

hear the Mission bells tolling faithfully the call to prayers; perhaps more faintly, the chant of the "Ave Maria" on the evening air. You picture the gray coated friars kneeling in silent devotion, for the charm of the mountain solitude is upon you and your thoughts are of things holy.

Then the sun drops like a molten ball into the arms of the ocean that rolls away into the great unknown. And as darkness steals over the land, the gorges become mere rifts of blackness across the mountain side, and as the sky merges from gold to gray, there suddenly glimmers into view far down the depths below a multitude of twinkling stars,

messengers from the cities of the plains. And then, a great beam of light—the Search-light — flashes across the horizon, darting along the mountain side and into the depths of the gorges, disappearing for a moment only to reappear



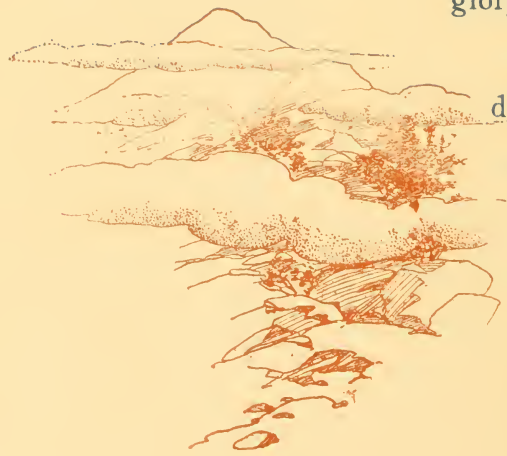
miles away down on the sea coast, and on the "Ships that pass in the night," where the waves thunder ceaselessly across the shifting sands and the scream of the sea bird comes shrilly through the air.

But here on the mountain top, all is silence—deep, holy silence, unbroken save for the occasional chirp

of a cricket or the rustle of leaves in the night air. It is the silence of Nature, of the great lone mountain and of the pines. And as the stars one by one light up the heavens, you quietly go down to your room at the Tavern, a better

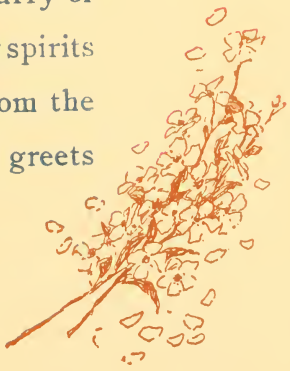
being for having felt the touch of nature—**nature**, pure and holy, direct from the hand of God.

A short refreshing sleep, and it is sunrise on the mountain top! A burst of glory on a sea of clouds, dotted here and there with islands—friendly



peaks as noble as your own, who thrust their proud heads through into this upper world, this realm of blue and silver and gold, above the shadow land below.

You board the electric car and sink through the mist of clouds. A light flurry of snow (white fluttering spirits of sweet blossoms from the orange groves below) greets you half way down.

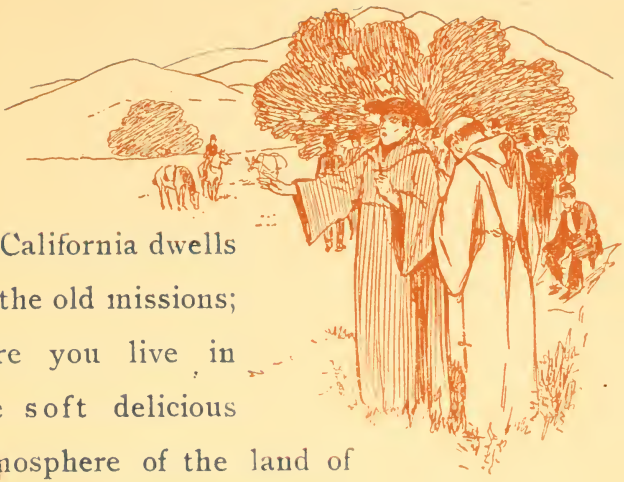


Emerging from this mantle of whiteness, you descend again by the incline railway and land at the base of the mountains, where you may step from the cars and walk for miles through fields of golden poppies, the California flower, which spread as a carpet before you, inviting you to linger and to play.

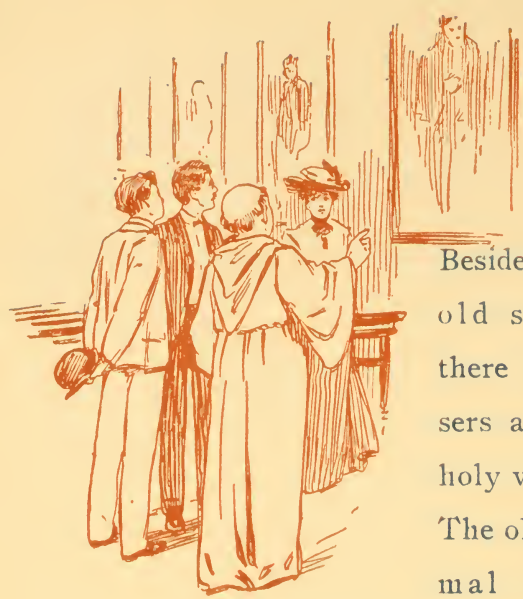
From here to San Gabriel Mission is but a short trip by the cars of the Pacific Electric Railway through tropical gardens, laden with the perfume of sweet flowers and fragrant orange groves, out into the broad expanse of the valley, where the sun shines as brightly as it did a century and a quarter ago, when an exploring party consisting of the Reverend Fathers Angel Somera and

Pedro Cambon and a guard of ten soldiers located "a fertile spot about five hundred yards from a little rivulet" as the site of the mission.

On account of its accessibility, San Gabriel, the most imposing of all the old missions of California, is visited by thousands of tourists annually, and is photographed and sketched times without number. The spirit



of California dwells in the old missions; here you live in the soft delicious atmosphere of the land of the Padres and of Ramona. Accompanied by the benign father you can make an inspection of the interior of the mission with its famous life-size paintings in oil, of the apostles and other saints, done by the hands of the old mission Indians.

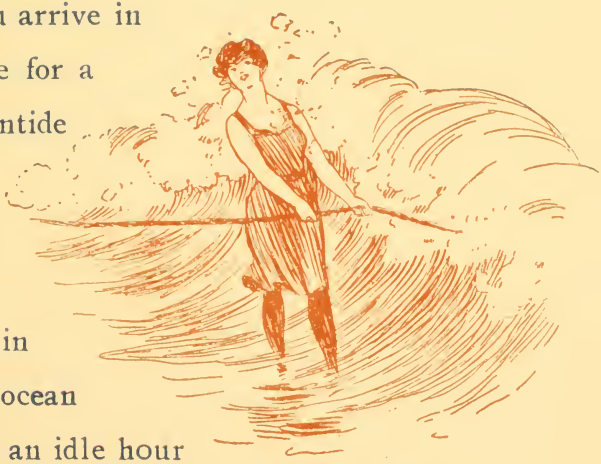


Besides several old statues, there are censers and other holy vessels. The old baptismal font of hammered copper is unique. It was probably brought from Spain long before the founding of the California mission, and has been in its present place ever since the church was built.

Of the six historic bells that used to chime the Ave Maria, but four have been in the belfry these past thirty years. Inscribed on the first bell is the invocation, "Hail! Most Holy Mary!" Next is the name of the saint for whom it was named, St. Francis, while the third line tells that it was made by De Paul Ruelas. There is no date, but it was evidently cast in the 18th century.

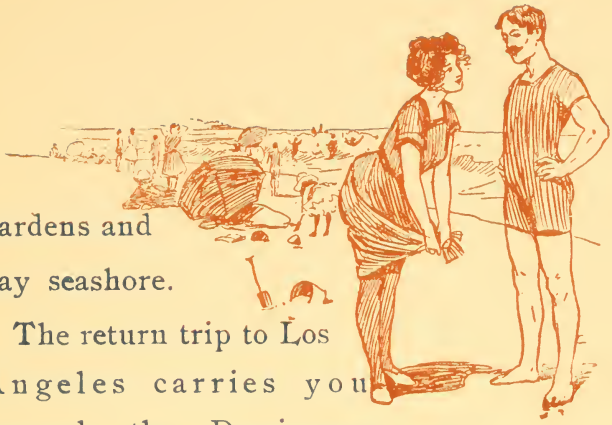
An hour's rest under the historic mission grapevine, a visit to the old Campo Santo, or Spanish graveyard, and the few adobe residences, and a look at the cactus hedge, complete the morn-

ing's pleasurable sight seeing, and prepares one for the ride via Los Angeles and through the "co-operative gardens" to Long Beach. You arrive in time for a noontide



dip in old ocean and an idle hour

upon the sands, partaking freely of the sea foods, salt, sand and soliloquy; the tonic of old ocean, the dash of it in your face and the roar of it in your ears make memorable a pleasant outing and vividly impress the beauty of living in a land where it is always summer afternoon, and where there is only the difference of a few hours between the realm of snow covered mountains, tropical



gardens and gay seashore.

The return trip to Los Angeles carries you through the Dominguez Rancho, which in the stately days of the Mexican aristocracy extended ten and a half leagues along the ocean, including the present sites of San Pedro, Terminal Island and Long Beach. The house is noted for its picturesque style of Spanish architecture.

Ramona at one time worshipped in the private chapel, which still remains as a famous land mark of Southern California, and in which every noted bishop of Southern California has conducted services.

In the days of bull fights this ranch was the scene of many a game of toro.

The surrounding mesa is historic in being the last battle ground between the Mexican and U. S. troops.

Leaving these scenes in the dusk of twilight, we proceed to the metropolitan city of Los Angeles, a gem set in a ring of mountains and adorned with a chaste crown of snow—located as if chosen especially for the convenience of the tourist and the sightseer.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC
Mt. Lowe
Valley
ROUTE
Sea Shore
RAILWAY.

PRESENTED WITH COMPLIMENTS OF
THE PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Take The
"POPPY"

OBSERVATION
...CAR...

Around the Orange Grove Route---$1.00 Round Trip, Stopping at Ostrich Farm, San Gabriel Mission and Baldwin's Ranch Day for a Dollar Competent Guide Private Car --- Ask any agent about it

Pacific Electric Ry.

Los Angeles, Cal.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 020 994 875 8

MAP of PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY CO.'S LINES IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

BAUMGARDT PRINT. 116 N. BROADWAY